THE

CONTRAST

TO THE

MAN of HONOUR.

Read, Judge, Try.

Quacks Bill.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

I Expect to see all the powers of Grub-ſtreet *and* Rag-fair *fall foul upon me with the keeneſt invectives of* Billingſgate, *and that I ſhall be complimented on the ſtupidity of my performance in the piſcatory dialect, much uſed by, and of great ſervice to the diſappointed party; and, I can't but ſay, it is judiciouſly employ'd, as they know none but the meaneſt of the people will loſe their time in reading their calumnies.*

The party have ſuffered a conſiderable loſs in the death of Timothy Scrub *of* Rag-fair, *Eſq; but the author of the* Man of Honour *ſtarting up, ſeems to make them ſome amends; for I think he may be allowed to come pretty near the deceaſed champion of lies and malice, in his unintelligibility, ignorance and venome, not to mention his laudable apparent innate averſion to truth and virtue.*

The enraged OUTS *have often been told, that nothing ſhews a cauſe more weak, than its requiring falſhood and ill-manners to ſupport it; but we may as ſoon ſee a Sow enraptured with an* Italian Opera, *as one of theſe mean ſ——ls, profit by wholeſome advice: 'Tis no wonder; they are a pack of ignorant, unmannerly, poor, ſtarving tatterdemalions, who hope to rail themſelves into poſts; which ſingle inſtance, is a proof of their inveterate ignorance and folly.*

Britain *would, indeed, make a moſt glorious figure, was the adminiſtration of her affairs left to theſe half ſtarved R——ls! but——they are too deſpicable, even, for my notice; who glory in being the* Servus minimus, Servorum Roberti. *I can never hope reaſon will weigh with them, or that the decency and good manners with which we calmly anſwer the invectives of theſe in—us, p——ry, l——g*

PREFACE.

l——g flagitious Muſh——ms, will have other effects than to make them ſtill more ſaucy and impertinent. They get poſts! Yes—— whipping-poſts; the only one, Caleb P——, *and the author of* Common Senſe, *that moſt impudent* V——n *deſerve.*

As for the author of the Man of Honour, *if he is angry at what I have wrote in the following Poem, he may kiſs my—— I ſhall never take any farther notice of him, as he is contemptible beyond the moſt deſpicable. I ſhall not expect if any of the party takes it into their head to anſwer me, which with their uſual helps of impudence and lying they poſſibly may do (after a manner) I ſhan't expect, I ſay, to be treated with the ſame good manners, and decency, that I have uſed towards the venomous faction; 'tis impoſſible for them to bear truth and keep their temper; but that will have no effect upon me, no ill uſage ſhall ever make me lay aſide the gentleman, and return their ill language. Our party is as diſtingaiſhable for decency and politeneſs, for moderation and coolneſs in our polemical writings; as for prudence, affability, publick ſpirit, humanity, experience, diſintereſtedneſs, œconomy and piety in our actions. To flaſh conviction in the face of our adverſaries, and to ſet the probity of our party out of all diſpute, I will only ſay, the whole* R. B. *of* B. *are of our ſide. I need offer no more.*

THE

THE CONTRAST TO THE *MAN of HONOUR.*

MUST ſmiling innocence, and well-try'd worth,
Be thus traduc'd, and not one Bard ſtep forth!
Tho' conſcious virtue arms the Patriot's breaſt,
And he, like gold, ſhines brighter from the teſt;
While diſappointed rage, or envy rakes,
Of every age, and hiſtory, the jakes,
The gather'd filth againſt the hero flings,
And vibrate, 'twixt their teeth, the Scorpion's ſtings.

'Tis true that fruitleſs all theſe efforts prove,
And *W——e's* pity, not his anger, move;
That dirt they hurl, from off the Patriot rowls,
Like liquid pearls, from off the webb'd-foot fowls.
Tho' every paſſion *W——e* has ſubdu'd,
Excepting that of *Britain's* greater good;
From which no rage, no enmity, no art,
Can turn his thoughts, or diſengage his heart:
Yet is it juſt, that we, who have a ſenſe
Of *W——e's* care, of *W——e's* influence;
Who th' upright counſels of the Patriot know,
The ſource redundant, whence our bleſſings flow;
Is't juſt, I ſay, we ſhou'd with patience hear,
Becauſe the ſtateſman can with calmneſs bear?
Where's *H——y* now? of whom, alone, 'tis ſaid,
That youthful ſhoulders bear a ſtateſman's head:
Wiſdom, how rarely ſeen! directs thy youth;
And thou mak'ſt wit the advocate of truth;
Thy flowing periods ev'ry boſome fire;
We ſtand convicted, and alone admire.
In thee, and only thee, at once we find,
With female beauties, lodg'd th' heroick mind.

Thy

Thy ſoul and form are painted in thy lines,
Where reſolution in ſmooth periods ſhines;
Where ſtrength and beauty artfully you blend,
To baffle malice, and ſupport a friend;
Where the rough freedom of *Athenian* ſatyr,
Tho' ſtill ſevere, is temper'd with good-nature.
When juſtice asks thy pen in *W——e*'s cauſe,
Can *H——y* or decline or even pauſe?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, 'tis needleſs to reply,
Since *W——e*'s actions give each line the lie;
Whoſe wiſdom is to every nation known,
In all rever'd and honour'd—but his own:
Whoſe vigilance does *B—n*'s pow'r advance;
Whoſe politicks have curb'd aſpiring *F—e*;
Whoſe gen'rous hand ſupports the poet's vein;
And whoſe Injunctions are obey'd by *S—n*.
Let *W——e* order but our fleets abroad,
And ev'ry bluſt'ring neighb'ring nation's aw'd;
Altho' theſe part not from the *B—h* coaſt,
All threats are huſh'd, all boaſted courage loſt:
Each ſtate ſubmits to *W——e*'s wiſe decree,
And juſtly apprehend our fleets at ſea.

Thus

Thus *B——n* conquers, yet no blood is loſt;
Thus *B——n* triumphs at no nation's coſt;
Thus tompkind guns can ſtrike a panick dread,
And we give laws, while anchor'd at *Spithead*:
But when raſh *S——n* did *P——l* inſult,
Firſt march her troops, and afterwards conſult;
She found, from *W——e*'s vigilance, how vain
Were all attempts; and ſo march'd back again.
The gen'rous man to *Luſitania*'s aid,
Diſpatch'd a fleet, which gen'rous *Britons* paid:
But 'tis not here alone, on *Lisbon*'s ſhore,
We've ſhewn the *Britiſh* politicks and pow'r;
When *S——n* protection ask'd, and *C——s* aid,
W——e ſtrait ſent, but ſcorn'd the being paid.
Never ſhall money tarniſh *B——n*'s glory,
Nor ſtain, with mercenary views, her ſtory.
But hold, my muſe, tho' *H——y* does decline,
There's yet a fav'rite of the tuneful nine;
By him let *W——e* gain eternal praiſe,
And, by the theme, *Y——g* eternize his lays:
But ah! the ſame excuſe you'll hear agen,
The conteſt's mean, and far beneath his pen;

Nay,

Nay, quite as uſeleſs, as it is to ſhew
The ſun gives light, or tides ſucceſſive flow.
He'll ſay his pen can never change men's nature,
Nor e'er exempt the great and good from ſatyr;
Envy will ſtill upon the virtuous wait,
And vile detraction prey upon the great.
Where, for one virtuous man, are hundreds found,
Who, or in vice or indolence are drown'd,
No wonder, if the ſteady Patriot ſees
For one juſt friend, an hundred enemies:
Another's virtue's poiſon to their ſight,
It ſets their vices in a ſtronger light.
Had I thy skill, O *Y*——g, thy matchleſs art
To captivate the ſenſe, and warm the heart;
Could I, like thee, extend an eagle's wing
To ſing thy praiſe, as thou can'ſt *W*——*e* ſing;
Were ev'ry muſe ſubſervient to my nod,
And I reign'd fav'rite of the tuneful god,
Then *W*——*e*'s wiſdom, *H*——*y*'s nervous ſenſe,
Thy moving ſtrains, enchanting eloquence;
Thy ſtrength of argument, thy publick ſpirit,
Thy generous ſupport of real merit;

Thy ſtrong attachment to thy country's cauſe,
Her rights, her liberties, her antient laws;
Thy zeal for *Britain*'s glory and her peace,
Her pure religion, and her trades encreaſe,
Should be the themes my gratitude would chuſe,
And crown, with never-fading bays, the muſe.
But theſe, O *Mitchell*, might from thee receive
Still greater luſtre, while they luſtre give.
Patriots, like theſe, demand a bard like thee,
Diſtinguiſh'd by his ſenſe and modeſty;
Whom no ſelf-intereſted views can bend,
* *To virtue only and its friends a friend.*
Thou ever ſteady on the juſter ſide,
Support of merit, and the ſcourge of pride;
The advocate of virtue in diſtreſs,
Who vice unveil'ſt, tho' in an angel's dreſs,
Shew'ſt her foul face to the deluded youth,
And the miſtaken, guid'ſt in paths of truth;
Thou at whoſe name th'envenom'd *Whitehead* ſhakes,
And *Envy* hides her in th' infernal lakes;

Thou,

* This line I think I have read in Mr. *Pope*'s Works.

Thou, in whoſe works, with dazzling luſtre ſhine
Unbyaſs'd probity, and wit divine,
Next to a *Y*——g, thou'rt only fit t'engage
A diſappointed party, wild with rage:
To do the injur'd, virtuous patriots right,
And ſet their publick views, to publick fight:
In *I*—*y* then, we'd view the man of worth,
* *And not the member-jobber of the north.*
The learn'd civilian, would, in him, appear,
With hands unſullied, and with conſcience clear;
We'd ſee, in verſe, which flow like gentle *Thame*,
His country's good, is *I*—*y's* only aim;
Which, like the laws of heav'n, is ſtill in ſight,
And proves his meditation day and night.
Upright in actions, juſt in each intention,
He'd ſpurn a bribe, and ſcorn condition'd penſion.
Penſion! or bribe! great *Jupiter*! from whom?
Can he be call'd an advocate for *Rome*?
The *B*——*ſh* C—t no more wou'd either offer;
Than upright *I*—*y* bear 'em in his Coffer.
Tho' gen'rous acts diſtinguiſh *B*——*'s* C——t,
And merit, there, ne'er fails of a ſupport;

Tho'

* The Man of Honour.

Tho' thence, the brave, the learned, and the wiſe,
Find, in their wants, magnificent ſupplies;
Yet there, CORRUPTION ne'er durſt ſhew its face,
Or IMPUDENCE, ſtand candidate for place.
It is not now, that ſelfiſh *A——a* rules;
The C——t now harbours neither Knaves nor Fools:
All Avarice and Flatt'ry's baniſh'd thence;
And room is found for modeſt Truth and Senſe.
If this is true, as ev'ry one muſt own,
What Folly has our † *Man of Honour* ſhewn!
Say, then, vile Poetaſter, what fierce rage
Cou'd puſh thee on, to mount the publick ſtage;
Flouriſh thy quarter-ſtaff, with aukward boaſt,
And prove, to all the World, thou nothing know'ſt.
Let us ſuppoſe, for we can but ſuppoſe,
The contrary, of what, each mortal knows,
The C——t, deſigning, wou'd profuſely give,
Flows it from thence, that *I——y* wou'd receive?
That *I——y* ever wou'd accept of pay,
For which, he muſt his country's rights betray?
No; *I——y*'s gen'rous, *I——y*'s upright ſoul,
Cou'd ne'er be guilty of a crime ſo foul.

Sug-

† A Poem ſo called.

Suggeſtions, ſuch as theſe, are baſe, unjuſt;
No man of honour falſifies his truſt;
To clear his character, it may ſuffice,
That *Scots-men* nam'd him; they're a people wiſe,
Tenacious of their rights and liberty,
For clean hands noted, and ſincerity:
Not one, of all the *Caledonian* tribes,
Was ever found, who did not keck at bribes.

Has *A——le* poſts; thoſe poſts he has deſerv'd;
Woud'ſt have a peer of birth and merit ſtarv'd?
That, worthily, thoſe poſts he fills is clear,
As he's, you own, on ſine-cures, ſevere;
Thy malice, therefore's patent on that ſcore:
The unchaſte matron never laſh'd the whore.
Don't *A——e*'s hoſpitality declare,
He merits well ten thouſand pounds a year?
Can blackeſt calumny ſay *A——e*'s more
Than a juſt careful ſteward for the poor?
What with one hand, he from theſe poſts receives,
'Tis known, the other charitably gives.

In thy ſtrong lines *N——e* would appear
Th' unbyaſs'd patriot, counſellor ſincere,

A peer of reſolution and addreſs,
In carriage modeſt, eaſy of acceſs;
Well vers'd in buſineſs and intrigues of ſtate,
Wiſe, modeſt, provident, well-read, ſedate;
Whoſe learning teaches him thoſe ſhelves t'avoid,
On which, leſs knowing ſtateſmen were deſtroy'd:
In judgment ſolid, and in foreſight clear,
He prudent *cons*, or takes his *trick* to ſteer.
The veſſel of the ſtate, with men like theſe,
Need fear no ſtorms, and apprehend no ſeas;
W——es and *C——ls* with *N——e* drudge
For publick good, and ſhall we trifles grudge?
Are not the ſums they earn, amongſt us ſpent;
Is *A——e*'s gold within his coffers pent?
Can ſouls, like theſe, be fond of glitt'ring traſh?
Cou'd *W——es* e'er be ſaid to hoard their caſh?
Can any tax theſe ſtateſmen with one vice?
Can *I——y*'s name be ſtain'd with avarice?
Does any riot with the publick treaſure,
Or tax the nation for their private pleaſure?
Examine well their lives, and let us ſee
Which, of all theſe, give way to luxury?

Do private ends the publick gold exhauſt?
Theſe raiſe no palaces on publick coſt,
With gildings, carvings, and fine paintings ſtor'd,
Much fitter for a ſov'reign, than a lord?
Come ſhips of war, with marble freighted home,
Or ſtatues, purchas'd at vaſt rates from *Rome*?
Are *B——ſh* treaſures ſwallow'd in rich wine;
Or ſee we *Harlots* with our money ſhine?
Say we, theſe ſtateſmen, with diſpotick pow'r,
The peaſant's and the merchant's gain devour?
Are not their actions by the *S——e* back'd,
Dar'ſt thou, vile poet, ſay the *S——e*'s pack'd?
Can any think that *H——e* has too much,
Who has ſecur'd us friends, the pow'rful *Dutch*;
Whoſe foreign treaties do our trade advance,
And whoſe politeneſs makes us ſhine in *France*?
Whence ſpring complaints, no man alive can gueſs,
If not from envy, pride, or wantonneſs,
From too great plenty, too indulging eaſe?
The ſated mouth the richeſt cates won't pleaſe.
Does not each day extend the *B——ſh* trade?
Are not our navy and our armies paid?

By

By theſe, at ſmall expence, we purchaſe fame,
And make all *Europe* tremble at our name.
What nation can produce ſuch ſtanding force,
Such well-dreſs'd officers! ſuch able horſe?
Tho' few their numbers, yet as troops ſelect,
Their great experience makes up this defect.
Theſe, of our liberties, the guardians are,
Next to wiſe *W——e*'s vigilance and care.
Our navy, which o'er all the ocean's ſpread,
Aſſerts our ſovereign right, and guards our trade.
When thro' the laws of nations *Spain* durſt break,
And, in full peace, our merchants veſſels take,
How ſoon did haughty, thoughtleſs *Spain* repent,
And how ſeverely pay the raſh attempt,
Our merchants beſt can ſay; whom *Spain* has paid
At their own rates, the ~~devaſtations~~ made. depredations
Our pow'r was at the Baſtimentos ſhewn,
Nor is it leſs within the *Baltick* known;
'Tis true ſome trifling ſums theſe parades coſt,
But not above five thouſand lives were loſt:
Scarce worth the naming, when we count our gain,
And caſt our eyes upon the loſs of *Spain*:

But

But the *Sicilian* action, to our glory,
Out-ſhines the brighteſt that is known in ſtory;
There *France* in politicks was far out-ſhone,
The emp'ror ſerv'd, the *Spaniſh* fleet undone.
A gen'ral thus, a prince of noted fame,
Where, I've forgot, and have forgot his name,
But ſure 'tis found in hiſtories of *Greece*,
Fell on his foe ſecur'd, they thought, by peace.

By ev'ry ſtate our counſels are rever'd,
Our riches envy'd, and our armies fear'd.
Tho' long our bloody enſigns have been furl'd,
Yet *Britain*'s own'd ſole umpire of the world;
On pow'rful princes ſhe impoſes laws,
And the oppreſs'd, to her, refer their cauſe.
This is the glorious ſtate in which we are,
Owing to *W——e*'s providential care.

What would our carping *Man of Honour* have,
He calls the watchful *W——e* premier ſlave,
(In this he's juſt) than *Turkiſh* ſlave not leſs,
Why is he ſuch?—— for *Britons* happineſs;
For *Britain*'s peace he does long vigils keep;
For that he wakes, while thankleſs *Britons* ſleep.

What wou'd this *Man of Honour* have, I ſay,
He rails at *C——*, why? he's out of play.
Thus in or out, 'tis all the ſelf ſame thing,
The envious *ſnake* will hiſs, tho' cannot ſting.
Is not this man the greateſt proof can be,
Of *Briton*'s freedom, *W——e*'s lenity?

How has the *Gazetteer* provok'd his rage?
He on the ſide of virtue dares engage;
Bring diſappointed vanity to light,
And do the gen'rous patriot noble right.
Speak him, what *Mitchell*'s verſe would ſet him forth,
Th' unbyaſs'd *Briton*, real man of worth;
Unruffled ever, and ſerenely great,
The brazen, gilded pillar of the ſtate.

E——x, this *Man of Honour* has in thee
Allow'd, tho' tacitely, thy probity;
For all the malice of his working brain,
Can't fix upon thy character a ſtain.
We know, for th' honour of the *B——ſh* throne,
What reſolution was by *E——x* ſhewn;
In *B——n*'s cauſe our *E——x* knows no fears:
Brave without boaſts, and wiſe beyond his years.

Envy

* See the deſcription of *Solomon*'s temple.

Envy examines with an eagle's eye,
Yet in our *E*——*x* can ſhe nought eſpy,
No ſelfiſh views, no overſights t'expoſe,
But rail ſhe muſt, ſo--- falls upon his cloaths.
Juſt *W*——*n* to virtue ſteady friend---
But---may'nt I injure, while I wou'd defend?
My humble muſe has more of zeal than art,
Rough is her ſong, tho' grateful is her heart.
A nobler hand theſe characters ſhould paint,
Mine is too harſh, my colouring's too faint:
I have, perhaps, more zeal than prudence ſhewn,
And better might have let the wretch alone;
As neither *Y*——*g*, nor *W*—*de B*—,
Nor *Mitchell*'s muſe, the carper undertook;
H——*y* nor *W*—*d* thought him worth reply;
In ſilence, zealous *O*—*n* paſs'd him by;
As he's not anſwer'd by the *G*——*eer*,
'Tis plain he is too mean, a foe, to fear.

F I N I S.

Envy examines with an eagle's eye,
Yet in our E——x can the nought espy,
No selfish views, no overlights t'expole,
But rail the mute, fo--- falls upon his cloaths.
Juft W——n to virtue ready friend---
But---may'nt I injure, while I wou'd defend?
My humble muſe has more of zeal than art,
Rough is her ſong, tho' grateful is her heart.
A nobler hand thefe characters ſhould paint,
Mine is too harſh, my colouring's too faint:
I have, perhaps, more zeal than prudence ſhewn,
And better might have let the wretch alone;
As neither T——g, nor B——de B——,
Nor Mitchell's muſe, the carper undertook;
H——y nor W——d thought him worth reply;
In filence, zealous O——n paſs'd him by;
As he's not anſwer'd by the C——cer,
'Tis plain he is too mean, a foe, to fear.

FINIS.